

GERMAN GUNS SILENCED, AMMUNITION EXPLODED, WORKS DESTROYED

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

DESPERATE FIGHT FOR A FEW RUINED HOUSES: BRITISH AND
GERMANS SEPARATED BY A VILLAGE STREET.



These pictures show but a few ruined houses. Commercially they are now worth little, strategically they are of great value, and when the photographs were taken the British and the Germans were both making desperate efforts to get possession of them. The

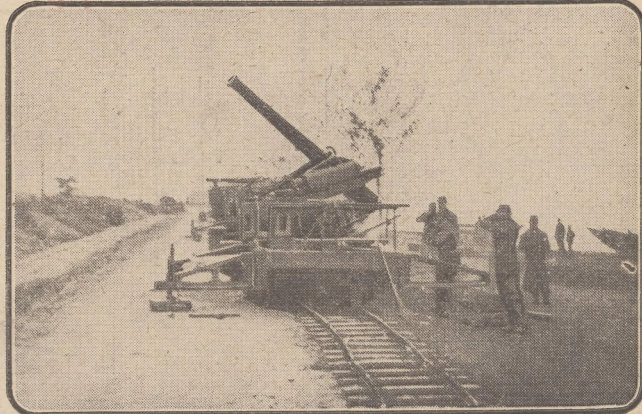
near side was held by us, while the enemy's trenches were only 200 yards away at the top end of the street shown in the first picture. Note the remains of a child's perambulator lying in the roadway. It is a pathetic commentary on war.

MORE THERE THAN MEETS THE EYE.



It is necessary to practise the art of deception in war. This picture, for instance, shows what appears to be an ordinary hedge, but behind is a parapet for soldiers to stand on, and the loopholes for their rifles can be seen.

WORKING A BIG GUN ON A ROAD.



Allies' gun in action. It has been run along the roadway on a short stretch of crazy-looking lines to a point where it could do the maximum of execution in the enemy's ranks, and then the gunners got to work in earnest.

'MARQUIS' AND WARD IN CHANCERY.

Story of Two Marriages in Remarkable Bigamy Charge.

"UNDESIRABLE LETTERS."

An amazing marriage story concerning a man who is said to have posed as the Marquis de Lafaye was narrated at Marylebone Police Court yesterday. The figures in the case are:—

The Pursuer.—Raymond Frank de Lafaye Biard, of Notting Hill, who is charged with bigamy.

A Ward in Chancery.—Jehanne Home-Douglas, aged sixteen, a doctor's daughter, with whom Biard is said to have gone through a form of marriage at Winchester last July.

Biard's real wife, the prosecution claims, is a woman whom he is said to have married in Jersey in 1908, and whose maiden name is given as Elizabeth Mary Price. Accused, however, maintains that this marriage was invalid.

Accused was committed to the County Jail after evidence had been given concerning the two marriages.

"VERY MUCH IN LOVE."

The first witness called was the Rev. A. G. Smith, vicar of St. James's Church, St. Helier, Jersey, who gave evidence as to marrying Biard to Elizabeth Mary Price on July 23, 1908, according to the rites of the Church of England.

The witnesses were, Emily Smith, witness's wife, and Elizabeth Dodger. The marriage took place on the authority of a licence granted by Dean Fall.

In cross-examination, witness said he received a letter from Biard's father with which he was not quite satisfied. The father did not object to the marriage, but left it to witness's discretion. The Dean obtained the father's consent to the marriage. Biard gave his age as nineteen.

In reply to further questions, witness said he did not know the woman was going to be sent to a reformatory or that Biard married her to save her from going there. The woman was married from a refuge, and she was there because she had no home.

Edward Vinet Renouf, a solicitor, in practice in Jersey, said that in accordance with the laws of the island the marriage was valid.

Sarah Francis Craigie, lady's maid, of Grosvenor-street, Edinburgh, said she had for seventeen years been in the employ of Dr. Home-Douglas.

"DID NOT CARE FOR HIS WIFE."

In 1913 the doctor went abroad with his wife and two daughters, and witness followed in March last. In the meantime Mrs. Home-Douglas had died.

Dr. Home-Douglas had two daughters—Margaret Blanche, now aged twenty-one, and Jehanne Marion Constant, aged sixteen in June last.

Biard was a visitor at the doctor's house in Jersey and was known as the Marquis de Lafaye. Dr. Home-Douglas left Jersey at the end of June because his mother was ill and desired his return to Edinburgh, and witness with the two daughters left Jersey a month later, going to the village of Compton, near Winchester.

Biard came over with them, and on July 20 witness was present at St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, Winchester, where Biard went through a form of marriage with Jehanne. Detective-Sergeant Broadhurst said he had obtained a certificate of birth showing that Biard was born in 1889 at Godalming.

When arrested he said he was very young when he married, but as he did not now care for his wife he saw her from time to time, and on one occasion gave her £1.

Mr. Storey Deans, who said he represented the trustees, asked the magistrate's protection for Jehanne Home-Douglas, and said that since Biard had been in prison he had written to her. The magistrate said it was undesirable that such letters should be written.

"LOCKED OUT HIS WIFE."

That her husband, Mr. Charles A. Temple, had threatened to kill her was a statement made in the Divorce Court yesterday by Mrs. Sarah Temple, who was granted a decree nisi on the grounds of his cruelty and misconduct.

Her husband, she said, had often ill-treated her since they were married at Worcester in 1885. He had locked her out of the house, struck her and dragged her down stairs, threatened to shoot her, and one night tried to cut a vein in her wrist with his penknife. He had also tried to cut her throat with a table-knife. Eventually they lived apart, and Mr. Temple had lived with another woman.

250ft. RAVINE BRIDGED IN 60 HOURS.

(From a Special Correspondent.)

The engineers attached to Kitchener's Army, if their progress after three months' training can be accepted as a sign, are going to astonish the Germans.

As an illustration of their efficiency, some 300 men of the Royal Engineers, forming the 63rd Field Company, have just built a huge trestle bridge spanning a ravine some 250ft. in length. For material they had to cut down trees in the wood surrounding the ravine, and then saw them into proper proportions.

For instructions the bridge has been made of every conceivable known trestle. Even the two span sides are different. Despite these difficulties they have practically finished the bridge in sixty hours.

P. J. W.

BUTTONS' WAR ON COLD.

Fashion Decrees Dresses Must Be Fastened Up to Neck.

DOOM OF PNEUMONIA BLOUSE.

Decolleté dress for day wear has gone right out of fashion—and the pneumonia blouse is doomed.

This is one of the sensible changes which have been made by Mme. La Mode in war time. "Right up to the chin is now the rule for collars," said the representative of a Paris firm of modistes to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

Blouses that leave the chest exposed will soon disappear entirely so as women who have any regard for fashion are concerned.

"The decolleté blouse and corsage of the day gown have until quite recently been carried to the extreme. Not only has the V been worn as plainly as in evening dress, but in some cases it has extended for street wear almost to the waist."

The disappearance of the pneumonia blouse and the return of the full skirts which are now in vogue will increase the primness of women's appearance, in that the figure will be fully covered from ankle to ear.

Many of the new collars and coats button right up close to under the chin.

In evening dress, so *The Daily Mirror* was told in Bond-street, the latest idea from Paris decides that if the corsage be decolleté in the front, the gown covers the back entirely up to the nape of the neck.

WHILE CAPTORS DRANK.

Reservist's Stratagem Enables Fourteen British Prisoners to Escape.

While their German captors were drinking wine fourteen British prisoners recently effected a miraculous escape in the neighbourhood of Baileul, France.

Tied up at the knees, their hands fastened behind their backs with pieces of rope, they had been placed in a trench under the guard of a sentry.

Their escape seemed impossible, so the Huns drank deeply of wine got from a neighbouring village.

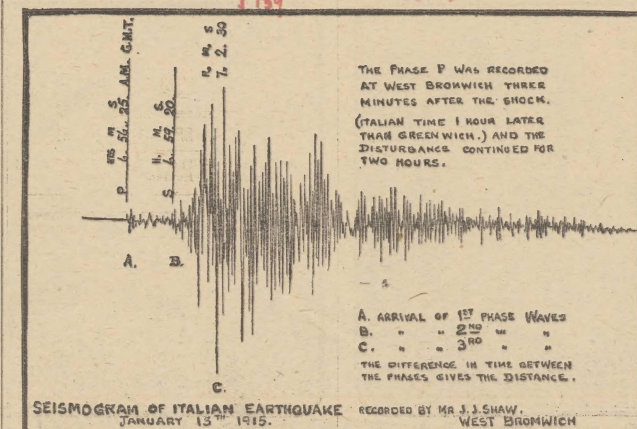
Private D. Lightfoot, however, a reservist of the 3rd Worcesters, had succeeded in concealing a pocket knife in the top of one of his puttees. By



PRIVATE D. LIGHTFOOT.

working his arms up and down he severed the rope which bound his wrists, and getting his pocket knife to work quickly liberated his fellow-prisoners, who soon overpowered the sentry and carried him off with them.

On his way back to the British lines with his comrades, Lightfoot was injured by the explosion of a "Jack Johnson." He is now at home at West Cornforth (Durham).



The great earthquake made itself felt at West Bromwich, and this seismogram was recorded by Mr. J. J. Shaw.

POLO-LAND IN WAR'S GRIP

Ranelagh and Roehampton Occupied by Squadrons of "Die-Hards."

"GREEN" HORSES BROKEN IN.

Ranelagh and Roehampton, which are soldiers' playgrounds in times of peace, are now soldiers' training quarters for the sport of war.

Three squadrons of the Middlesex Hussars, under Lord Denman, occupy the polo stables and other quarters at these famous polo rendezvous. These men form a Territorial unit of the famous Middlesex Regiment, the old "Die-Hards."

They were inspected yesterday in Richmond Park by Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, who told them that, considering the difficulty of securing horses and equipment, he was astonished at the progress they had made since they were enrolled in September last.

"Green" horses have been secured from Canada and broken in at Ranelagh and Roehampton, and some which took part in yesterday's match-past only arrived in this country a fortnight ago.

Lord Denman served in the South African war with the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry, and when asked to form this, the reserve, regiment he got around him many of the troopers who were out there with him.

Practically all the senior officers, which include Major Dawes, Major McEnaney, two Irish officers who served through the Boer war, and the acting adjutant, Captain Williams, wear active service ribbons on their breasts.

In the ranks are all sorts and conditions of men—clerks, jockeys, architects, engineers, ex-soldiers, lads from the country and town. The corps, which is classed as mounted infantry, requires another fifty men to bring it to full strength, and good-class recruits will be welcomed at Ranelagh.

The whole of the polo stabling at Ranelagh and Roehampton is now occupied by the horses. Many of the men sleep in the stabling at Ranelagh, and others are billeted in the vicinity. The officers' quarters are in the polo pavilion. At Roehampton the men are quartered in the polo pavilion and the officers in the clubhouse.

BEAUTY AND THE STARS.

Lovely Women and Famous Artists at Alhambra Glove and Mittens Matinee.

The jewelled lights of the Alhambra shone on a dream of fair women and brave men at the matinee given yesterday afternoon in aid of the Grand Duke Michael's fund for gloves and mittens.

Everywhere the eye met beauty, the beauty of England's fairest women and many types of the native loveliness of France and Russia.

A goodly sum was realised by the sale of programmes alone, for, with women like the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Drogheda and Miss Elizabeth Asquith as programme sellers, who could resist the temptation to pay handsomely for the pleasure of knowing what was going on the stage?

To walk round the Alhambra yesterday afternoon indeed was to get a thorough understanding of the latest modes, for the many beautiful women present were clad in wonderful dresses.

Among the audience were also a number of soldiers, some of whom are back from the front as the result of wounds.

On the stage the theatrical and vaudeville professions gave of their best in a programme which included Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Viola Tree, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Robert Hale, Miss Toddie Gerard and Mr. Harry Tate.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

Unsettled; dull and misty to rainy; some fair intervals; continuing mild.

DIGNIFIED CATS

HOLD "AT HOME."

Handsome Fluffy Pets Who Take Life Silently and Easily.

BLUES AND "KHAKIS."

"Yes, sir," said the man at the door of the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, "there's a cat show here all right. Prefer cats myself to either dogs or flowers. Dogs make such a row, and flowers are overpowering."

He walked inside the hall and pointed with pride towards the cages.

"Now, could anything be quieter than that?" he said to *The Daily Mirror*, "and in which it certainly was a scene of peace and quietude. It was just noon, and half the cats were not yet properly awake for their 'at home.'"

Some were still dreaming of their prizes, while others sleepily contemplated the possibility of scratching a judge's face the next time they were taken out of a cage.

Around the cages sat a number of women, some knitting, some reading, and a few chatting in whispers. Snatches of their conversation could be caught by passers-by.

"Yes, my dear, blue eyes."
"The real blue."
"Yes, the real blue."
"And the tail is very full?"
"Oh, perfect!"

A little further on two women kindly pulled aside the blue curtains covering the cage in which a big white, fluffy cat slept on a pale blue bed.

PUSSY'S GRANDPAPA.

"I had her grandfather," said one woman to the other. "She takes wonderfully after her grandfather."

"Meow," murmured the great descendant of a great ancestor as she rolled over on her back and yawned with luxuriant ease.

There are a lot of blue cats at the exhibition and some strange little creatures with white bodies, parti-coloured heads and pale blue eyes. There are also a number of delicate biscuit-coloured cats—"khaki cats," as the man at the door called them—and cats with splashes of red in their coats.

There is a whole colony of white cats like great balls of snowy fluff. Most of them rejoice in highly romantic names.

These prize cats are not playful or affectionate. Their eyes are often cruel, but they seem dull-witted.

"Well," said the man at the door to *The Daily Mirror*, "those cats are very nice and ornamental, and very handsome, but between you and me, I should as soon see a cat in this hall as it would be in your coal-cellar."

TROUSSEAU 'NOT ALL LOST.'

Judge Consols Girl Whose Lover Broke His Promise—Jury Award Her £120.

"I spent £30 on my trousseau," lamented a young woman—Miss Louise Fisher, a nurse-companion, of Herne Hill—giving evidence in a breach of promise action she brought before Mr. Justice Bankes yesterday.

"But that will not all be wasted," remarked the Judge, consolingly.

The household linen will be of little use to me now," mourned the girl.

Again the Judge consoled her. "Oh, it will all come in some day," he declared, "more solid than anything you could get by the jury, who awarded the girl £120 damages against her faithless lover—Mr. J. S. J. Willum, described as a purser on the steamship Untali, of the Natal Direct Line."

Telling her story in the witness-box, Miss Fisher said she became engaged to defendant in May, 1908, and he promised that he would marry her when he earned £5 a week.

In February, 1914, she went down to the London Docks to meet him as his boat was arriving. She asked him what he would like for his birthday, and he replied: "Don't give me anything. When you give me yourself you give me all." The plaintiff added that they made an appointment which the defendant did not keep, so she went down to the docks to see why he had not seen her. He then said: "I cannot marry you; I have no money."

Mr. George Mills, superintendent of the Natal Direct Line, deposed that the defendant was receiving £10 a month and commission as well as his keep.

SERVED WITH NELSON'S OFFICERS.

Vice-Admiral Sir George Nares, whose work on seamanship is known wherever sails are seen, died at Surbiton yesterday in his eighty-fourth year.

Sir George entered the Navy when many of Nelson's officers were still serving in the Fleet. In 1852, when a boy of fourteen, he was appointed to the *Resolute*, which for two years carried on its fruitless and perilous search for Sir John Franklin. Coming home, he served in the *Glatton* in the last year of the Crimean War.

After he retired to his life's work of charting and surveying the ocean. He was on the quarter-deck of the *Challenger* in 1872, carrying out the first of the great oceanic expeditions, and left her to command the *Alert* on an expedition to the North Pole. This expedition reached the highest latitude attained at that time.

He retired from the Navy in 1886, and was promoted to rear-admiral on the retired list in 1887 and to vice-admiral in 1892.

BRITISH DRIVE GERMANS AT BAYONET POINT AND GAIN 1,100 YARDS

Brilliant Success Near La Bassee After Two Hours' Fierce Fighting.

TRENCHES CAPTURED IN HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT.

Surrender of Germans with Uniforms in Rags and Boots Useless.

TWO BIG GUNS WRECKED BY ALLIES' ARTILLERY.

A brilliant success by British troops near La Bassee was reported yesterday.

After German trenches had been heavily shelled the British rushed to the attack with the bayonet and, in a furious fight lasting two hours, drove out the enemy.

Heavy losses were inflicted on the Germans. As a result of the successful attack an advance of more than 1,100 yards was achieved.

The British casualties are said to be slight.

Despite the Germans' partial success near Soissons, they will, it is officially stated, be unable to make use of it to the south of the Aisne.

Von Kluck received large reinforcements before resuming infantry operations in the presence of the Kaiser.

The attack resulted, according to German claims, in the capture of Cuffies, Crouy, Bucy-le-Lune and Missy.

Soissons appears to be the German objective, and a fierce battle is in progress on the roads to the north, infantry and artillery being engaged.

An official German report states that the French have now entirely evacuated the northern bank of the Aisne.

ZOUAVE BAYONET CHARGE ROUTS GERMANS.

French Destroy Enemy's Bridges Across Meuse and Silence Batteries.

PARIS, Jan. 15.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

From the sea to the Lys there were artillery combats, which were occasionally somewhat lively.

We made progress near Lombaertzyde and near Becelaere.

North of Arras a brilliant attack by Zouaves carried at the point of the bayonet the enemy's positions near the road from Arras to Lille.

In the same region at La Targette and at St. Laurent, as well as north of Anedehy—in the region of Roye—our artillery took the advantage over that of the enemy.

The enemy's batteries were reduced to silence and two guns were wrecked.

VIOLENT ARTILLERY FIGHT.

An ammunition depot exploded and the works that were being built were destroyed.

About a mile north-east of Soissons the Germans attacked Saint Paul. They entered the village, but we retook it immediately.

In the region of Craonne and of Rielims there was a violent artillery fight, in the course of which the enemy's batteries were frequently reduced to silence.

In the region of Perthes, in the Argonne, and on the heights of the Meuse there is nothing of importance to report.

We destroyed the footbridges thrown by the Germans across the Meuse at St. Michel, and we repulsed in the Bois d'Ailly an attack made on the trenches we took on January 8.

In the Vosges, to the south of Senones we threw back the Germans in a lively infantry fight, after their barbed wire entanglements and filled up their trenches.

On the rest of the front there is nothing to report.—Reuter.

Last night's official report from Paris said: "There is no notable incident to report."

GREAT BRITISH CHARGE.

ST. OMER, Jan. 14.—At two o'clock this afternoon the British delivered a brilliant attack on a German position near La Bassee, in which the Germans had strongly entrenched themselves.

After preparing the way with their artillery, the British troops charged and captured the enemy's trenches.

The position was an important strategic point, the capture of which secures a gain of over 1,100 yards.

The British casualties were slight, whereas the

Germans lost heavily and many were made prisoners.

A German patrol, composed of a corporal and six men, surrendered without offering the slightest resistance.

The corporal, who has lived in Lille for a long time, and speaks French perfectly, said:—

"For eight days we have been seeking an opportunity to surrender."

"We have had enough of it, and, besides, we have no longer many men in the trenches, and it will not require very great efforts to dislodge us."

The prisoners were worn out, their uniforms were in rags, and their boots were letting in the water.—Reuter's Special.

VICTORY AFTER TWO HOURS' FIGHT.

A telegram from Hazebrœuck to the *Petit Parisien*, quoted by the Central News, states that the British assault was made on a hillside, where the Germans were strongly entrenched.

The attack was necessary in order to protect the town, which was dominated by the hill.

At 2 p.m., after the artillery had thoroughly shelled the German position, the British troops charged with the bayonet, and after a struggle lasting two hours the position was captured.

SUCCESSES CLAIMED BY HUNS.

The official German Army report, quoted by Reuter, says:—

North and north-east of Soissons the northern bank of the Aisne is now entirely evacuated by the French.

We captured the places of Cuffies, Crouy, Bucy-le-Lune, Missy, and the farms of Vianxrot and Harcies.

In the three days' battles north of Soissons the French suffered severe losses.

The retreat of the enemy south of the Aisne took place under the fire of our heavy artillery.

'RUINED THEIR CHANCES.'

PARIS, Jan. 15.—The belief that the swollen Aisne would assist the French in their task of repelling the determined German attack on Soissons appears to have been partially justified.

It is interesting to note the report that the Germans themselves assisted nature by removing barrires higher up the river.

By so doing they helped in the destruction of the French communications, and so compelled the French to retire to the southern side, but they also certainly ruined their own chances of taking Soissons.

The Germans, whose numbers are estimated at between 40,000 and 50,000, have at their disposal some of their heaviest artillery, and may be counting on employing it against Soissons in the hope of repeating history and bringing about the surrender of that place.

It may be confidently anticipated that any such hope is doomed to disappointment.

The Germans, if they attempt a crossing of the Aisne, will be face to face with enormous difficulties.

On the other hand, they dare not immobilise themselves for long, for they are in a sort of cul-de-sac, exposed to French attacks on their front and their right flank.

Manifestly, therefore, they must endeavour to force a decision, and their intention to do so is indicated by their pressure towards Soissons, which is being well met.—Central News.

RUSSIANS 40 MILES FROM PRUSSIAN FORTRESS.

Germans Falling Back Before Pressure of Tsar's Armies—Turks on the Run.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 15.—The following communiqué was issued to-day from Great Headquarters:—

Through the night of the Russian New Year, as well as on the following day, comparative calm reigned along all the fronts.

Insignificant German attempts to attack our advance posts in the Loizen district met with no success, and after suffering heavy losses the enemy was obliged to fall back on his positions.

On the right bank of the Lower Vistula we continued on January 14 to press the German cavalry, which was only supported by small infantry units.

The enemy, whom we had driven out of Serpez, occupied the fords of the Skrawa, but was unable to maintain himself there, and continued to fall back northwards under our pressure.

On the left bank of the Vistula the Germans delivered their usual attacks on some sectors of our front, particularly of the Borgynow Rawa

front, but nowhere did they have any success.—Reuter.

The River Skrawa, the fords of which the Germans were unable to hold, is, says Reuter, only some forty miles east of the great Prussian fortress of Thorn.

PURSING THE TURKS.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 15.—The headquarters of the Russian Army in the Caucasus under date January 13:—

Fighting in the Kara Urgan region continued. We captured many more prisoners and men. The pursuit of the defeated Turkish troops was continued from the River Olty in various directions.

We are still successfully moving the Turks from the region beyond the Chokor.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 15.—Turkish Headquarters report that the Turkish troops progress gradually in Azerbaijan, and had new and great successes when on Wednesday they occupied Tabriz and Selmas.

The Russians abandoned both places.—Central News.

TEHRAN, Jan. 15.—It is reported that the Turks have shot the Persian Governors of Suj-Bulak and Maragha and have burned an Armenian and two Russian villages.

The small Turkish force which occupied Tabriz is now moving towards Julfa.—Reuter.

DACIA'S SAILING AN ACT OF PROVOCATION?

American Comment on Transfer of German Steamer to United States Registry.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—The State Department is endeavouring to arrange with the British Government for the immediate dispatch of the Dacia to Rotterdam with a cargo of cotton on the basis of a "temporary" voyage.

The question of principle would be waived if the Dacia were privileged to make this one voyage without seizure.

This proposal was made to Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador, by the solicitor of the State Department who explained that the contracts of American growers for the delivery of the cotton to Bremen firms would be lost unless the Dacia was allowed to proceed immediately.—Reuter.

A Central News telegram from New York quotes the *Sun* apropos of the transference of the German steamer Dacia to American registry:—

"If the Dacia sails the adventure will obviously have been undertaken in the full expectation that she will be seized."

"Is it a deliberate move to force an issue upon a delicate question of international law? If so, who is really behind the provocation?"

The outbreak of war was an act passed by the United States allowing foreign-built or foreign-owned ships to be admitted to American registry.

The object of the transfer is to help neutral trade and to enable American exporters to continue their exporting.

The Dacia belongs to the Hamburg American Line, and for five months has been laid up in an American harbor.

Now she has been bought by an American citizen of German extraction, and has been admitted to American registry.

STARTLED THE KAISER.

ROTTERDAM, Jan. 14.—An impression of the Kaiser at the west front appears in to-day's *Cologne Gazette* in the form of a letter from a Guardsman, who says the Emperor seemed in good health and the best of spirits.

"He made a splendid speech, and told us that when in the Argonne he went into a trench and inspected the conditions."

"He drank a glass of wine with an artillery officer."

"When he came out of the comfortable cave he was startled by seeing a full company of French soldiers."

"He drew back instinctively, but a German Landsturm officer exclaimed, 'Your Majesty, they are only prisoners passing through here to see you just once.'"

QUEEN OF SPAIN'S ILLNESS.

MADRID, Jan. 15.—The Queen of Spain is laid up with scarlatina.—Reuter.

LIVING GROAN UNDER TOMB OF DEBRIS.

Whole Population of Italian Town Buried by Earthquake

Wreckage.

SLOW DEATH UNDER PIANO.

Terrible scenes that rend the heart with horror and pity are occurring in the districts laid waste by earthquake in Italy.

Thousands of bodies lie buried beneath the ruins, and in one town practically the whole population has been buried alive. Urged on by groans coming from the debris, rescuers are working with feverish haste, and when darkness falls, says Reuter, the work is continued by the light of torches.

THOUSANDS UNDER RUINS

ROME, Jan. 15.—The *Messaggero* says:—

It is estimated that 11,000 persons have been buried in the ruins at Avezzano.

At Cappadocia all the houses are uninhabitable and the church has collapsed. The people are camping in the open air on the sea. Half of Scutella Marsicara is destroyed and Lapelle is a heap of ruins, under which are hundreds of dead.

30 ALIVE OUT OF 900.

Of the 900 inhabitants only thirty have escaped death.

Half of Magliano Marsi is destroyed, and there are said to be 1,300 dead.

Cose has been completely destroyed, and out of 600 inhabitants only thirty are alive.

Capelli Marsi is absolutely in ruins, and 1,300 victims lie under the debris. San Benedetto is also destroyed; 3,000 persons, forming almost the total population, are buried in the ruins.

Ortucchia and Gioia Marsi are also destroyed, numbering respectively 2,400 and 3,500 inhabitants.

Pescina is three-parts destroyed. The dead are estimated at 4,000, namely, half the population.

Messages from Avezzano received here to-day state that the wounded people continue to be dug out of the debris, and groans can still be heard here and there coming from the ruins.—Reuter.

HOUSE HURLED FIFTY YARDS.

Signor Murcetti, quoted in a Reuter's Special message from Rome, stated, after a visit to the devastated area, that in violence this earthquake was unprecedented.

"For instance," he says, "while a cart was passing with his cart fifty yards from a house about 30 ft. high the force of the earthquake actually threw the house against him, burying him, the horse and the cart."

Signor Marconi describes some of the scenes he witnessed.

During the first days the rescuers were so few that they could not even attempt to excavate at spots whence sounds of lamentation were heard issuing, and so they planned here and there to indicate the places where sounds had been heard, in the hope that they might be able to return later with adequate assistance.

But when the rescuers did arrive again most of the voices had become silent, and the poles became merely memorials to the dead.

Signor Marconi himself heard under the ruins of a girls' school the voices of two girls imploring help and saying that they were entirely unharmed, being protected by a piano, under which they had sought refuge.

Apphixiated by dust and frozen by cold, without any nourishment, the two sufferers remained for two days, all efforts to reach them being in vain.

KING VISITS INJURED.

ROME, Jan. 15.—This afternoon King Victor Emmanuel visited various hospitals where many of those who were injured by the earthquake have been taken. His Majesty stopped a patient and the names of comfort and encouragement.—Reuter.

FIVE CRUCIAL MINUTES.

How the Germans at Herberstshole were given five minutes to surrender is vividly told by Commander Beresford, who organised and went in charge of the Australian Naval Reserves to German New Guinea, and has now returned to Sydney.

"We found," he says, "that Herberstshole was splendidly prepared for defence."

"We had taken the first line of trenches and advanced upon the second line of trenches when a flag of truce appeared and a German officer with an orderly came up to ask me what terms he could get for surrender. The orderly acted as an interpreter."

"I had already written out the terms of surrender. It was to be an unconditional surrender of all his force and all his arms."

"There was forty minutes' parleying, and at last, my patience exhausted, I pulled out my watch, and gave him five minutes to sign 'surrender.'"

"He talked German to his interpreter for exactly four minutes and then he signed 'surrender.'"



Lake in Norfolk caused by the floods. Miles of land in the county look like this, and under the water are roads, hedges and fields.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1915.

MALIGNANT EARTH.

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And for a moment the warring nations turn their heads in the direction of that rumbling sound. Only for a moment. It is time to go on fighting again.

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And we have to keep quiet, for the lady has the best of the argument. W. M.

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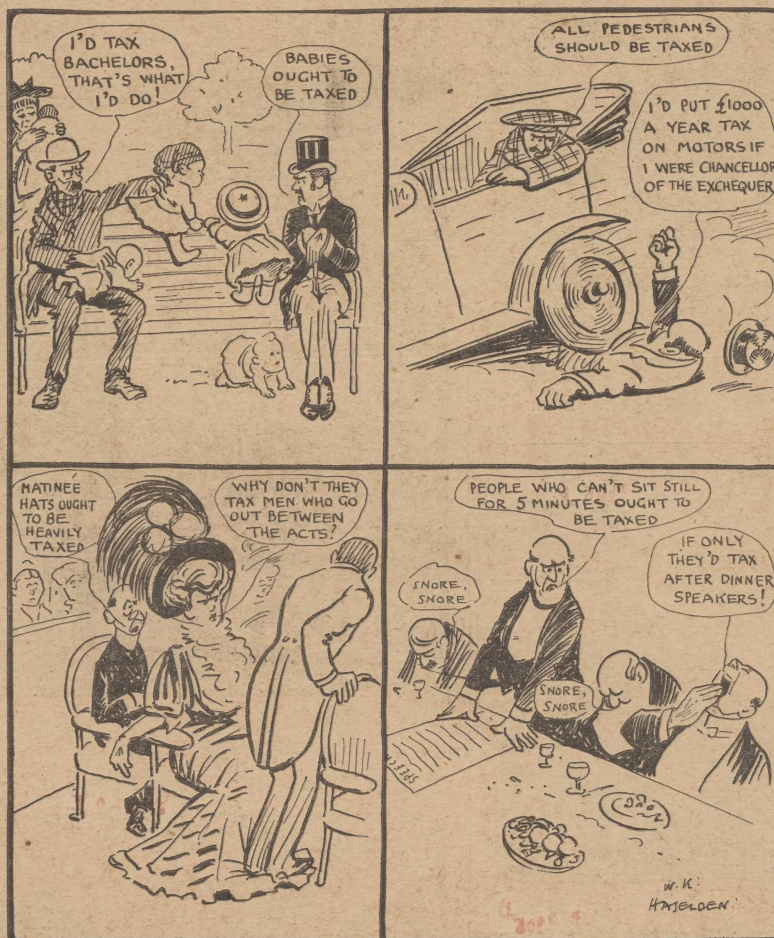
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The popular laurel-hydrangea is another fine shrub, and is a mass of white blossoms during January.
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CONSOLED BY JUDGE.

P 16869



Miss Louise Fisher leaving the Law Courts after being awarded £120 damages for breach of promise against Mr. J. S. J. Willum, a pursuer. When the plaintiff lamented the fact that she had spent £30 on her trousseau, the Judge consoled her. "It will not be wasted," he told her.

EXPLORER AND ROSE GROWER.

P 9205 B



Sir George Nares at work in his garden.

P 9205 B

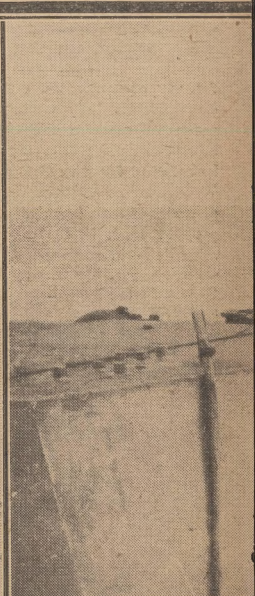


His invitation to the public.

Admiral Sir George Strong Nares, K.C.B., the famous Arctic explorer, died at his residence at Surbiton yesterday. He had a great reputation as a rose grower, and threw his private garden open to the public. —(Daily Mirror photographs.)

RESCUED SAILORS FROM THE EMDEN

P 5944 A



When the survivors of the Emden were rescued they were found to be in a half-starved condition. Commande Muller is seen in the small picture wearing a soft hat, and in one of the large ones he is marked (A). —Prince

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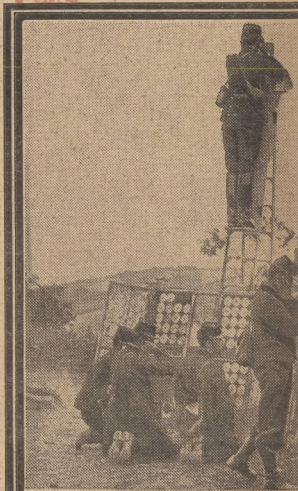
P 6140 E



An Indian officer and a group of men in the trenches. The men are enjoying their midday meal and have turned a pail upside down for use as a table.

CREUSOT HAS A LI

P 92413



French officer directs operations while by the weapon is so great t

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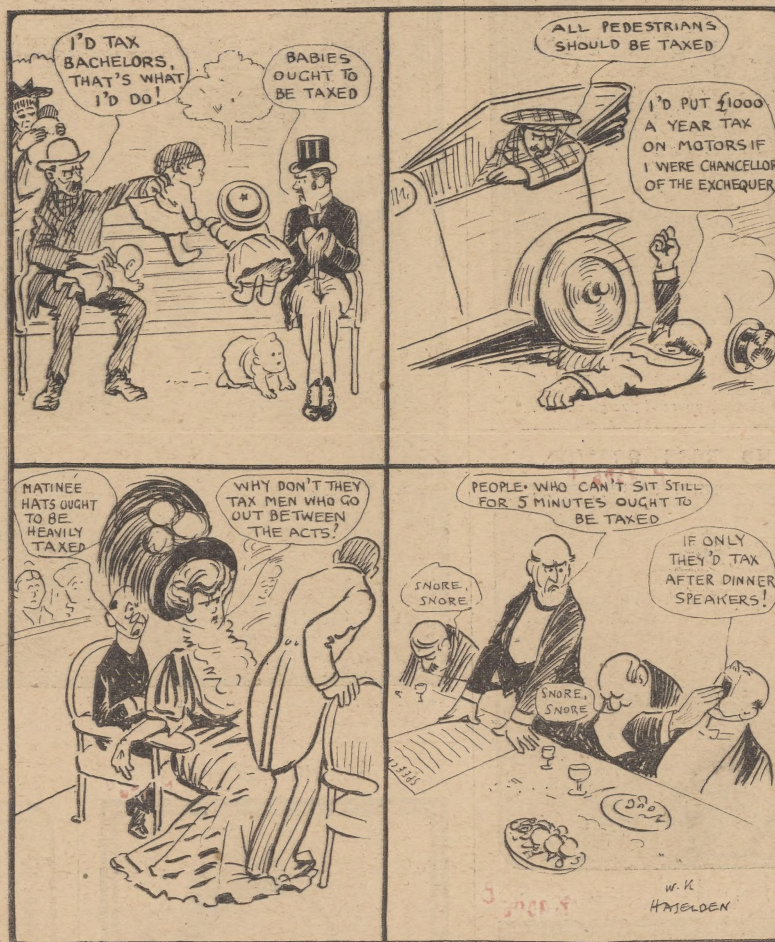
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PURSER'S LOVE STORY.

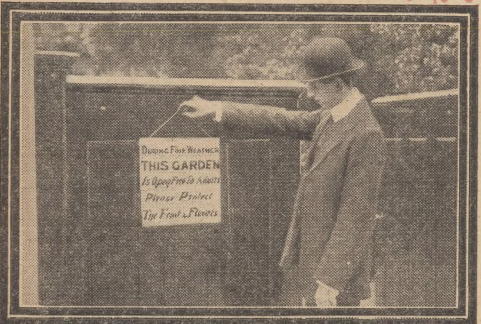


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DARING ESCAPE.



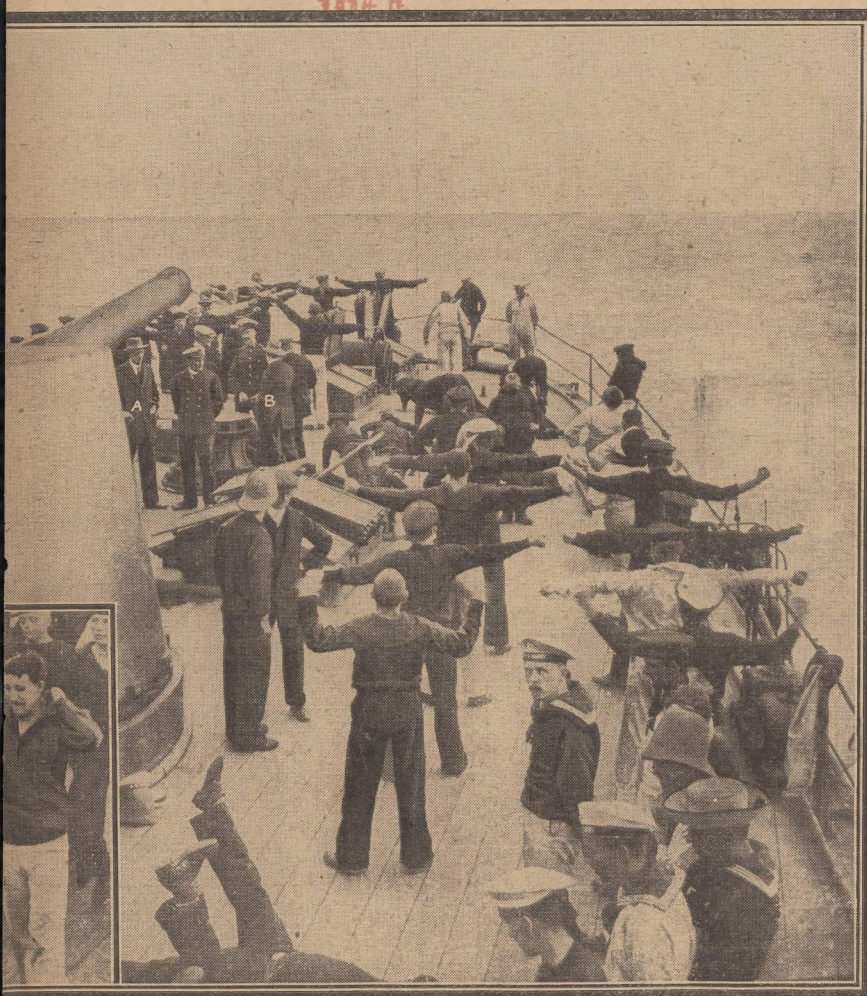
Private D. Lightfoot, who not only escaped from the Germans, but assisted thirteen others to gain their freedom. He was wounded before he was able to rejoin his company.

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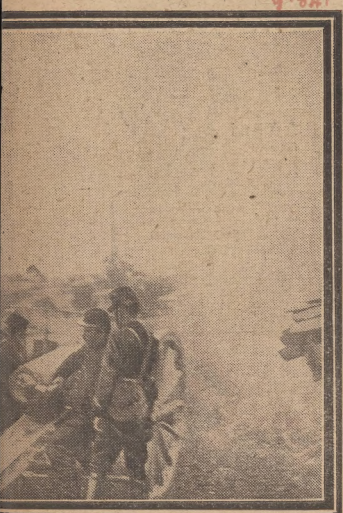
An Indian officer and a group of men in the trenches. The men are enjoying a meal and have turned a pail upside down for use as a table.

EXERCISING ON A BRITISH WARSHIP.



Joseph of Hohenzollern, the Kaiser's nephew, is marked (B). Captain von Muller states that he never hoisted any flag but the German on his ship, and he feels that allegations to the contrary are a reflection on his honour.

ARGUMENT WITH KRUPP.



work one of the deadly "75's." The noise made have put their fingers in their ears.

FROM BATTLEFIELD TO FARM.



British Army horses on sale in a French country town. Owing to slight defects they were unfit for further military service, but the farmers soon snapped them up.

CHARGED WITH BIGAMY.



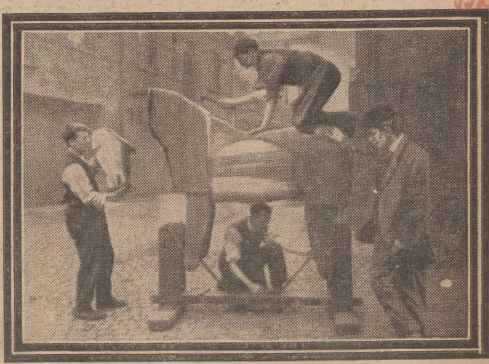
The prisoner in the dock at Marylebone Police Court.



The prisoner's alleged first wife (carrying a muff).

Raymond Biard was charged yesterday with going through a form of marriage with a young ward in Chancery last July. The prosecution claims that he was married in Jersey in 1908, but accused maintains that this marriage was invalid.

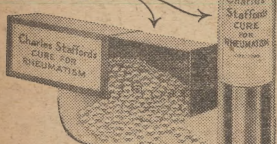
TRAINING THE NEW CAVALRYMEN.



Disabled soldiers and sailors at Brompton-road making a wooden rocking-horse. It is on these "steeds" that the cavalrymen of the new Army have their first riding lessons.

THIS WILL CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM

The
Complete
Cure



It is recommended by Thousands of Permanently Cured Sufferers as being Safe, Certain, and Speedy.

EVERY CASE CAN BE CURED.
PROOF POSITIVE AVAILABLE.

To-day an offer is made which no reader who suffers from Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica or Rheumatoid Arthritis can afford to miss. A trial supply of Charles Stafford's Treatment, known all over the country as the safe, certain and permanent cure for all Uric Acid Ailments, will for a few days be sent free of charge to all sufferers who fill up the coupon below.

No matter how long you may have suffered, or what your age may be, this Treatment will positively and permanently cure you if you will give it a fair and honest trial.

When this Treatment has cured you, there will be no return of pain, swellings, etc. You will stay cured, and will not have to keep on taking the remedy. Mr. Green, of Newport Pagnell, cured of 18 years' suffering at 75 years of age, writes 12 months after—“I am still all right, can walk four miles an hour, and it is a pleasure for me to recommend your Treatment wherever I go.” Is not this a Treatment worth having?

THIS REMEDY IS CURING RHEUMATISM
EVERY DAY.

Think what it will mean to you to rid yourself of that awful, nerve-racking pain, those disfiguring swellings, hard, chalky lumps, and unsightly inflammation. Imagine what your feelings will be when you find your limbs moving freely without pain, that you can walk or sit as you used to before the dread disease fastened itself upon you.

Then remember that Charles Stafford's Treatment has never been known to fail in a single case of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, or any Uric Acid complaint, and has absolutely cured thousands who had given up hope of more than temporary relief.

TRY THE CURE FREE

Charles Stafford, the discoverer of this remedy, says:—“I feel that, no matter how many other remedies and treatments a sufferer may have tried, he should be willing to give my remedy a fair trial, if I undertake to send this trial entire at my own expense. I have reserved 10,000 boxes for free presentation, and if you suffer from any rheumatic ailment I earnestly ask you to AVAIL YOURSELF OF MY OFFER TO-DAY.”

THIS COUPON ENTITLES

A Sufferer from any Uric Acid Ailment to a Trial Box of the Cure Free of Charge.

To CHARLES STAFFORD,
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I WISH you to send me a free box of your cure for rheumatic ailments. I enclose two penny stamps to help to pay for postage expenses.

NAME

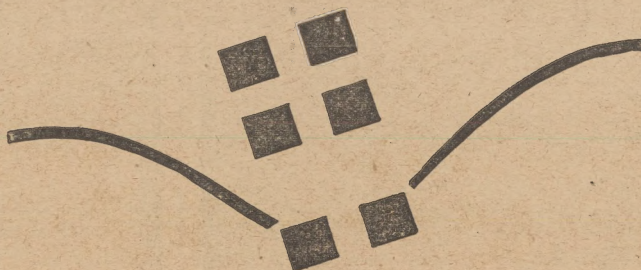
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D.M. 12161. Amalgamated Enterprises, Ltd.

There is
True Economy
in buying

CEREBOS SALT.

3 or 4 tins serve
a family for a
whole year.



Is the Enemy Piercing your Line of Defence?

Every one of us is being daily attacked by the battalions of illness. Sometimes they triumph, sometimes they are defeated. Colds, chills, influenza, desperately endeavour to break down our resistance and pierce the line of defence.

Unless you are properly nourished, these enemies will find out your “weak spot.” Therefore strengthen your whole defensive line with Bovril. It reinforces the line of defence just at the place—just at the time—that you need that reinforcement most.

Reinforce with Bovril

Bovril makes just the difference between your being nourished and your not being nourished by your food.

At the front and on our ships, in hospital, in camp, and at home, Bovril is doing its splendid work. It rescues the sick at critical moments, increases the powers of endurance, and literally fortifies the body against the armies of disease.

Proven Body-Building Power
10 to 20 times the amount taken

It must be BOVRIL

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

S.H.S.

By - the - by!

Buy some
to-day —
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DO NOT MISS "JUST LIKE OTHER MEN," ON MONDAY.



THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

THE CONFESSION.

FOR a moment Laurence Seton thought that it was the end. But the man lying back against the pillows opened his eyes and looked up at him with a sneering smile.

"Shocked, eh? Parson?"

Never a pleasant sight even in health, this big man with the coarse bloated face, even with the shadow of death's dignity lying across him, Sir George Clair was now a sight to shrink from. All the evil soul of the man seemed to look out from those fast, deep eyes.

But Laurence Seton did not shrink. He looked down at the evil, sneering face with a light that was almost affection in the grave eyes that gave a beauty to his dark, plain face.

"No. It is not part of my duty to be shocked," he said.

He had seated himself on a chair by the bed, and was waiting. He was conscious of a curious, hushed sense of expectancy, and an unusual clarity of mind. It was no freak of blind chance that had brought him there. He was convinced of that; it was an all-guiding hand.

As Seton finished speaking a silence fell on the room. Clair had closed his eyes again, but his face was working. It was as though something in the missionary's words had rebuked the evil spirit in the man, had driven it forth.

"To kill the thing you love," he muttered. There was agony and remorse, but no mockery now, in the eyes that looked up into Seton's face.

"Too many of us do that, I fear," Seton said gently.

He was thinking of another man, full of moral rectitude and uprightness of living, who in his blind pride had killed the thing he loved—perhaps beyond all hope of any spiritual resurrection.

"Ah, you judge me too lightly, parson. I do not mean that. There are more kinds of murder than one, but only one sort is scheduled as a criminal offence. And that is the murder of which I am guilty," he cried in a sharp whisper. "I conspired to bring about the murder of my wife."

He beckoned to Seton to bend nearer to him.

"It was in India—you know India, parson? You know the things that are possible there—things that the ignorant British public never dream of—oh, but it was cleverly done—cleverly done."

The weak voice died down, and Seton was caught by a great fear lest this man, exhausting himself in these unsolicited preliminaries, might go out with his secret yet unspoken.

Downstairs, while he waited for his sister, he had had a few moments' talk with the house surgeon, who was just leaving the nursing home, and from him had received an account of the accident to Clair.

The man had been run over by a motor-lorry as he was crossing Kensington High-street; the lower part of his body had been hopelessly and terribly injured. It was only a question of time. The case was so absolutely straightforward—so purely a matter of waiting—that the surgeon had not even revisited it.

"I shall call back in an hour's time, of course. One must. But I can do nothing whatever for the poor chap. The sister in charge can help him far more than I can," he had said.

Seton took up the glass from the table by the bedside and held it to Clair's lips, but the man set his teeth.

"I want a glass of water, parson," he said with a gleam of cunning. "Tell me, you know the Hilliers—a blind chap with a pretty, fair-haired wife? Your sister knows 'em. I want to see that wife of Hillier's."

In spite of himself Seton started, and the man in the bed laughed.

"Unexpected, eh? Oh, don't be frightened. It's not a question of the tenth commandment. My wife was her sister. The woman I killed in India, d'you understand? Send that ugly sister of yours for her."

It was all very sordid and grim. In spite of himself Seton was conscious of a qualm of disgust. This man, with so many and such ugly sins upon his head, lying dying here in this house of dedicated women, dying with no glimmer of shame or remorse.

"To ease his mind," he said. "That was all this sinner had thought of in making his confession; no self-abasement . . . no asking for grace or pardon."

It was almost as though Clair had read what was passing in his mind. He looked up, and there was a curious softening in his face.

"You think me a hard case, eh?" he asked.

"Am. And—at least there is so much grace in me—I'll die as I have lived. Why should I go squirming on the penitent form, when I know right well that if I'd my health given me to-morrow I'd do all that I would again? I'm honest, parson—Heaven will give me so much credit. Send for Lady Hillier—she's in London, I know—at the Majestic. Call her up on the 'phone. I've something I want to set straight with her, at least."

"I'll send my sister for her now," Seton went out and summoned the nun who was walking up and down the corridor outside, telling her beads as she waited, praying for the soul that was going out on its dark journey without any knowledge of the need of prayer.

Downstairs in the waiting-room he gave Edith Seton her instructions.

"Go to this address. You will find Lady Hillier there. Tell her Sir George Clair desires

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

to see her. Tell her that he is dying and that I am here with him. Bring her here. And," he added, looking at her, as he so seldom did, with a rebuking sternness, "ask her no questions."

"Yes, Laurence; I will do what you wish." There was an altogether unusual meekness about the woman, as she looked at him out of the taxi-cab, which the rosy-checked portress had summoned.

Seton nodded gravely and went back into the house.

A change had come over Clair when he went upstairs to the ward again. The big man was lying very still. He did not open his eyes as Seton entered.

Seton looked at the nurse at the other side of the bed, and the young nun shook her head. He was very far gone, this man . . . would he last till Lady Hillier came?

"Shall I leave you alone with him?" the nun asked. Seton nodded, and she went out but not noiselessly.

After a couple of seconds the heavy eyelids unrolled.

"Ah, you're there, parson? Sent for? That's good. Hope she won't be too long. Death's making strides in his seven-league boots . . ."

"And if she should be too late—is there anything you would wish me to tell her?" Seton asked, leaning over the bed.

For a second the dull eyes stared into his.

"Tell her that I understand," Clair said. "Valerie—was more beautiful, parson—but she wasn't worth . . . no, I don't mean that. I loved her. I wanted her. Only she had no right to leave me. I acted honourably by her."

The husky voice had died to a thread of sound. Bending over him Seton could catch disjointed words, and piece a story from them.

This man had been married before he had gone through a form of marriage with a Craven. His wife had left him, and for close on twenty years he had heard nothing of her.

"That was good enough evidence of her death for me," Clair muttered. "Twenty years . . . I could have divorced her. I'd wanted to or held with such. I never gave her a thought—or the kids either—till Valerie Craven came into my life. I wanted her . . ."

It was the key to the whole situation, that sentence spoken by this dying man.

"I wanted her. And never in all his life had he been balked of anything that he had desired.

She must have a marriage in church, parson. So I gave it to her right enough. Then, just as

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though it were an episode out of some darned newspaper story, as we were coming out of church the other woman turned up."

There was a gleam as of amusement in the dying eyes.

"That wouldn't have mattered much. I could have squared Leila, but there were other things. Somehow, I never have been able to find out how Valerie found out my secret. It frightened her. She fled out—straight to India—where her sister was, and I—I followed her—a boat that started the very next day. What sport! She never guessed—no, not for a moment. How could she?"

The dew of death were gathering thickly about the grey face. The laughter died down to something that was strangely like the death rattle.

Would Sylvia ever come?

"But I was even with her in the end, parson. I had her silenced. Trust a woman's tongue? No, I was not such a fool. There are ways in India—professional dealers in death. Eh, parson? Among the nice clean, truthful Christians you baptised in that toy mission of yours at Magalla—were there ever any reformed professional poisoners—any thugs turned penitents—any?"

He broke off in his jeering, husky talk to listen.

"Has she come?" he whispered.

There was a faint stir at the door. Quickly Seton went round the screen. In the doorway, by the side of the young nun, he saw Sylvia Hillier.

"You've come?" he said in a whisper.

"Don't be nervous."

He looked back down the quiet ward. Above the screened bed, where the dying man lay, it seemed to him that he saw a monstrous shape hovering, a distorted shadow that moved and swayed upon the whitewashed wall.

THE BORDERLAND.

IT was only imagination, of course, Seton realised that at once, as he led the trembling girl down the ward. The man on the bed was lying very still—lying with something of the rigidity of death about him already.

"Ah, Lady Hillier. An odd meeting, eh? Not such a charming scene as the moonlit garden down in Sussex, eh?"

Sylvia stood looking at him with a white, set face. She was like a ghost, revisiting a world

in which she had no longer any part. She was not frightened of this man or of anything that he might say, she was only frightened in the sense that a child, brought suddenly into unexpected surroundings, is frightened.

"Thanks, parson," Clair looked at Seton with a smile. "You'll leave us alone? I'm sorry I met you so late. I like you; I'd have been glad to better your acquaintance. Wish me bon voyage—in your own sense of the words, and—good-bye."

Clair made a movement as though he would have held out his hand. But he was not capable of doing that. Seton bent over him.

"I do wish you bon voyage," he said. "I shall pray Heaven to have mercy on you. I shall pray that even now—before the shadow of death comes down on you, blotting out the light—you may voluntarily seek His mercy."

"Thanks. And Heaven bless you, parson."

As his words left Sir George Clair's lips a look of agony swept his face.

"Valerie!" he cried out in a sharp high voice. "Valerie! How did you guess my secret?"

With a terrible effort he strove to raise himself in the bed, holding out his arm to Sylvia with a face suddenly transfigured, then, with a loud sigh, he fell back—dead.

The words he had desired to speak remained unspoken; he had gone out to meet the dead woman he had loved, carrying his secret with him.

Then followed moments that Laurence Seton could never forget. Sylvia Hillier had utterly broken down. He was thankful that the scene had taken place here, with only these nuns for witnesses, women who understood life with a strange clarity that is denied to the dwellers of the world.

He left her to their care very gladly whilst he went down to the waiting-room to get rid of Edith . . . to perform another duty—that of keeping his promise to John Hillier.

To John Hillier his message was very brief.

"Your wife is here—at the Hospital of St. Catherine of Siena, St. Joseph's-square, Kensington. She is quite well. Come at once."

He had only succeeded in calming his sister and in packing her off to the hotel in a cab when the nun with whom he had left Sylvia came in search of him.

"Madame is recovered, and would wish to speak with you," she said.

Seton followed her upstairs.

It was a very white, very collected woman who received him in the little sitting-room.

"Mr. Seton, how can I apologise for my hysterical outbreak?" she asked, nodding her hands out to him with that characteristic little gesture he remembered so well on her first coming to India. "I am perfectly sane now. I am going back to my rooms."

"Oh, no; you are going back—with your husband, first to your hotel—and then to your own home," Laurence Seton said sternly.

A wave of angry colour flooded into Sylvia's cheeks.

"Never. I have not altered my mind—what-ever weakness I may have displayed just now. I can never go back to Jack."

"But if he came to you here?" Seton said. He went up to her and laid his hands on her shoulders. "Look here, my child. I refuse to allow you to wreck your life through a caprice of pride—either upon your own part or upon the part of your husband. You and Jack Hillier love each other as it is rarely given to a man and a woman to love one another. Why spoil your lives? Make it up with him. Forget the past—it's not easy, I admit. Yet, to a certain extent it is possible."

"Oh, no—oh, no."

"No, I do not feel so!"—Seton's voice was very tender—in ten minutes Jack will be here. Will you refuse to see him? What is there between you? True, the mystery of your sister's death is not wholly cleared up, but we know that this unfortunate man who had but now gone to his account was responsible for it."

Sylvia covered her white face with her hands.

"Oh, it's the terrible uncertainty that kills me. I feel that it is indeed I who am responsible for Valerie's death."

Her voice faltered. Still with his hands upon her shoulders Laurence Seton turned towards the door at which a nun had just knocked.

"Sir John Hillier is downstairs asking for you," the sister said.

"Ask him to join us here, sister."

Laurence Seton led the slender shoulders under his hands tremble.

"Be very brave; the end is in sight," he whispered. "The end that is but the beginning."

* * * This story will be concluded on Monday, when the opening chapters of our splendid new serial, "Just Like Other Men," will appear. You should not miss reading them.

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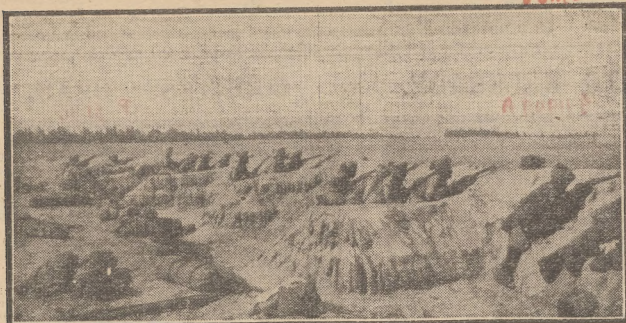
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INDIANS DEFENDING THE DESERT. *96140 E*

Indians holding an entrenched outpost in the desert in Egypt. They are ready to deal with the Turks if they get as far.

MILL TOO MUCH FOR HIM

Sir Hiram Maxim, Inventor of Machine Guns, Sues Firm of Contractors.

Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim, the famous inventor of machine-guns, was plaintiff before Justice Neville yesterday in an action to restrain an alleged nuisance by G. Goodson and Son, contractors, of Kilburn-lane, who are building a fire brigade station on land adjoining a house in Norwood-road chiefly used by Sir Hiram for secretarial work.

The house was occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. Galois and their two daughters, and Sir Hiram complained that it had become intolerable owing to the use by the defendants of a heavy mortar-mill and crusher in the course of their work.

Sir Hiram, said plaintiff's counsel, would not be called as witness because he was very deaf as the result of injury to his ears from experimenting with guns, and he had plenty of other evidence.

Miss Marguerite Galois, secretary to Sir Hiram, stated that when the mill and crusher were working together the house shook from top to bottom, and the noise could be heard in every room.

Windows and doors rattled owing to the vibration. The dining-room clock stopped, and cracks became visible in the walls.

Plaintiff's counsel produced samples of the bricks crushed by the defendants, and Miss Galois explained they were obtained by Sir Hiram's chauffeur, Robey, who, at her request, climbed over the garden wall.

He was very frightened, added witness, because he thought he was doing something naughty.

The hearing was adjourned.

SPORTSMEN'S SECOND BATTALION.

The 2nd Sportsmen's Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers is rapidly reaching completion, and will then leave the Hotel Cecil for the camp at Romford, some few miles away from the 1st Battalion at Hornchurch.

As an aid to recruiting a concert was given by the battalion at the Holborn Restaurant, and among the singers was the well-known baritone, Wilfrid Essex, who, asked to assist, decided to throw in his lot with the regiment and enlisted.

He is one of many well-known musicians in the battalion, which includes Private Gaetano Musitano and Private Percy Baker, the organist at Tewkesbury Abbey, in its ranks.

Intending recruits for this battalion of athletes and sportsmen should apply at the Hotel Cecil. If their credentials are satisfactory they will be able to secure one of the few remaining places in this interesting corps.

Kitchener's Army uses CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN. Rubbed upon the feet it prevents foot soreness. Prepared by the makers of CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.—(Advt.)

NEWS ITEMS.

Appeal to Aboukir Survivors.

Mrs. C. Smith would like to hear from a survivor of the Aboukir who last saw her son, J. P. Kydd.

Wheat Price Records Broken.

Wheat price records were broken in Chicago yesterday, says the Exchange, May wheat realising nearly 6s. a bushel.

Steam Baths for the Front.

Successful trials of steam baths, 5ft. deep, destined for the trenches, have been held at Petrograd, says Reuter.

Mad Musician Charged as Spy.

Charged at Doncaster yesterday with being a spy, Edward Knowles, a musician, was certified to be of unsound mind and ordered to be sent to an asylum.

The Thirteenth Day!

When a Staffordshire furnaceman named John Astor, was granted a decree nisi against his wife in the Divorce Court yesterday, it was stated she disappeared thirteen days after her marriage.

German Prince Sent to Gibraltar.

The German Prince of Salon, who was interned in South Africa when war began, leaves Capetown to-day, says Reuter, with his wife, his removal to Gibraltar having been ordered by the British Government.

TRADING WITH ENEMY CHARGE.

The trial of Albert Kuyper, a merchant, on a charge of trading with the enemy, was begun at the Old Bailey yesterday.

Mr. Muir, for the prosecution, said defendant was a naturalised British subject, and had been trading at Barbican under the name of Beitmann and Kuyper, having as partners two brothers in Frankfurt.

When war broke out defendant, upon the suggestion of the Frankfurt house, wrote to a Dutch manufacturer of enamel ware, asking for a new contract. This firm replied that they were willing to enter into a contract, and asked if he could pay money due from the Frankfurt house. Money was sent by the defendant, which formed the subject of the charge, and defendant, even when he was released on bail on the present charge, sent a further cheque for £200 to a firm for remittance to Holland.

The hearing was adjourned.

BURNED BY MOLTEN METAL.

Four men were fearfully burned through the bursting of a mould of molten metal at Consett Steel Works yesterday.

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Begins on Monday.

RAGS OF CANADA.

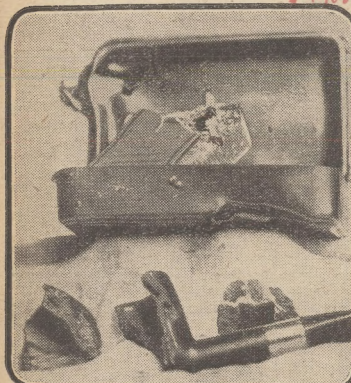
9.6190 E



Rags, the mascot of the Canadian Hospital in France. He travelled with the soldiers from the Dominion and is a very popular little fellow.

GIFT SAVES LIFE

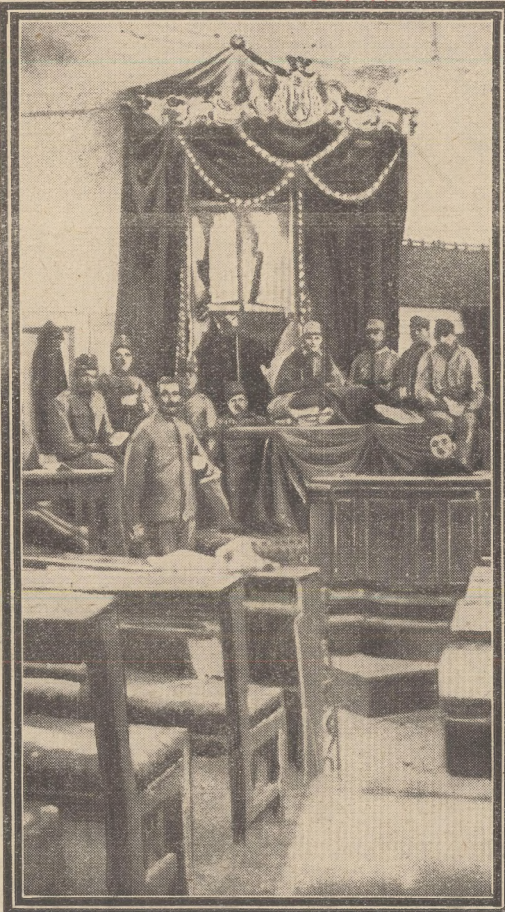
9.11909 H



This is one of Princess Mary's gift boxes to the soldiers after it had been struck by shrapnel. It saved the life of the owner, Colour-Sergeant E. Seal.

A FLYING VISIT TO BELGRADE.

9.11909 A



Austrian soldiers who were billeted in the Parliament House at Belgrade during their short sojourn in the Serbian capital. The men are standing in front of the Speaker's chair and have wantonly torn down the picture which hung above it.

COUNTESS DEAD.

P.3036



The Dowager Countess of Normanton, whose death was announced yesterday. She was a daughter of the sixth Viscount Barrington.—(Lafayette.)

CANADIAN KILLED.

P.1686 8



Captain Denzil Onslow Newton, who has been killed in action. He was a brother of Lady Dysart and was an officer in Princess Patricia's Light Infantry.

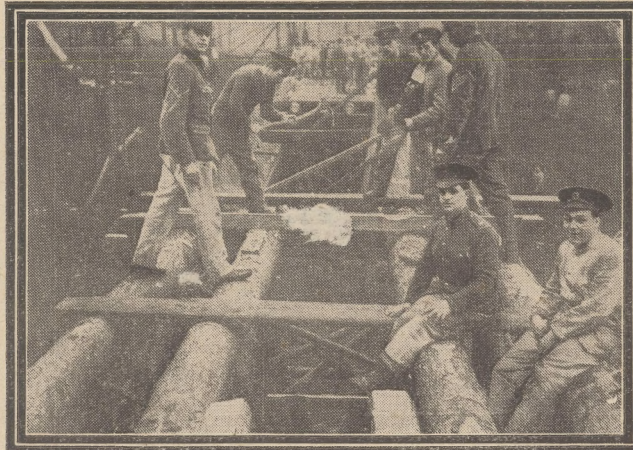
BRIDGE BUILT IN 60 HOURS: FINE FEAT BY NEW ARMY'S ENGINEERS.

95664



A fine feat was performed by the Royal Engineers of the new Army when they built a new bridge near Aldershot in sixty hours. They even cut the trees necessary for the

95664



purpose in the time stated. The men are seen at work on the bridge, which spans 243ft. (Daily Mirror photographs.)